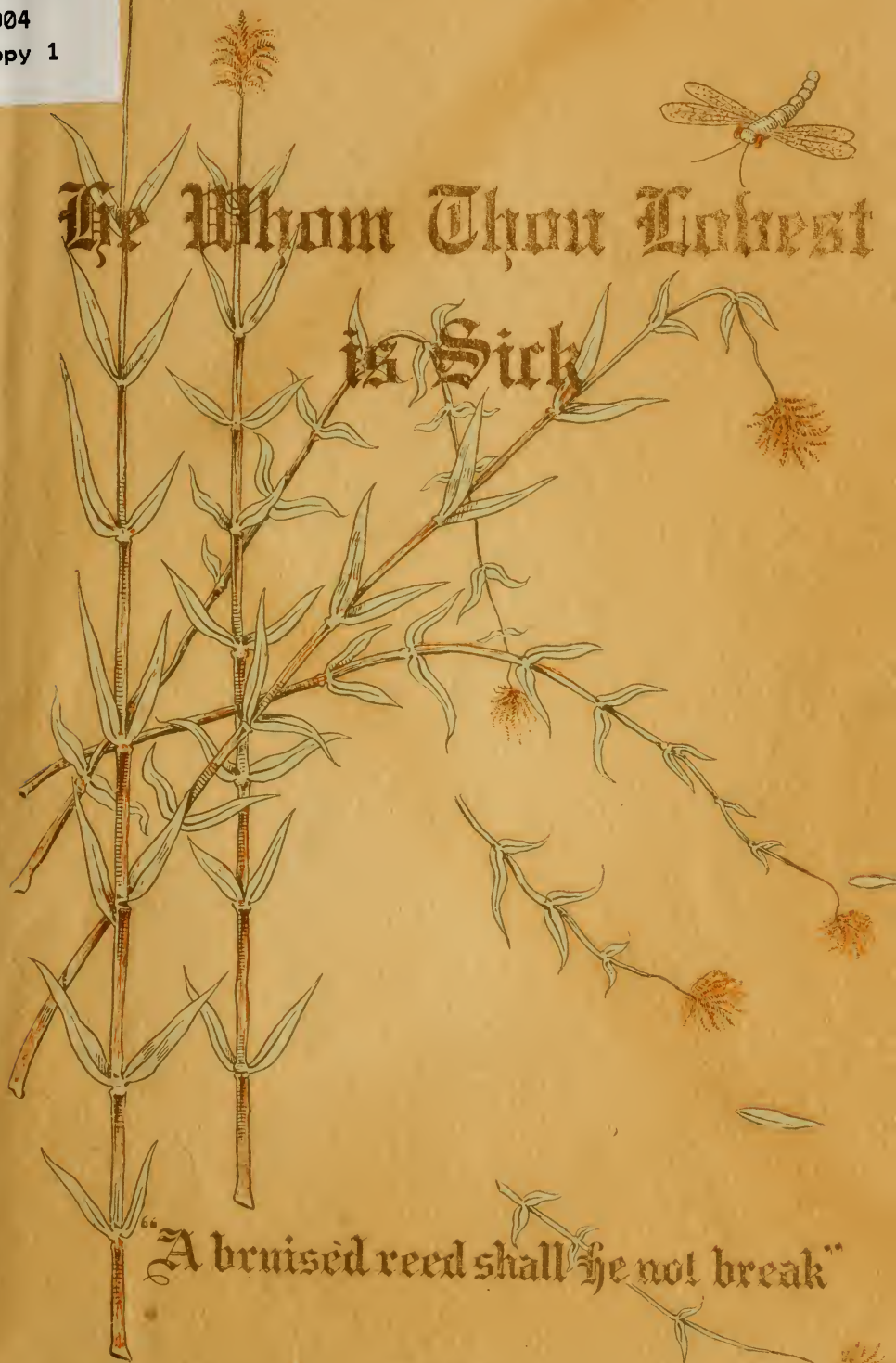


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The Whom Thou Lovest is Sick



"A bruised reed shall he not break"

*"He whom Thou Lovest
is Sick."*

BY

ROSA PENDLETON CHILES,

Author of "Down among the Crackers."



RICHMOND, VA.:

Whittet & Shepperson, Publishers and Printers.

1904.

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Miss J. M. M. 1871
D. K. May 9, 1880

TO THE MEMORY OF

My Mother,

THE THOUGHT OF WHOSE MARVELOUS STRENGTH
AND PATIENCE IN LONG SUFFERING, WHEN SUR-
CEASE CAME, LEFT THE ONLY FRAGRANCE IN THE
HEART OF A CHILD, AND YET YIELDS FRAGRANCE
TO THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

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PREFACE.

THERE seems a tendency of late, especially among a class of so-called religious teachers, to minify pain, and the beautiful service of those to whom the Master appoints no other than patient endurance of steadfast suffering. To these extreme thinkers the patient invalid, resting beneath the shadow of unceasing pain, is a mental criminal, whose logic has in some way become entangled with a diseased imagination, and who has but to say, "There *is* no pain, therefore I cannot rest beneath the shadow of it," and immediately his conclusion will bring him to a state of perfect health.

Without formulating any syllogism to disprove the tenets of this extraordinary doctrine, I wish only to say that to one whose faith rests upon different principles the teaching seems altogether false, and to offer this little book to all suffering folk in loving sympathy. If there is aught in these lines that speaks to you of courage, patience, faithful endurance, and that enables you to see your part in a better light — the light of peculiar dignity, and of that

peculiar choice for you of a part that suits the mysterious development of your spirit better than any other part could do — I shall feel that the Master gave me a beautiful task in the writing of these lines. Take them as the message of my heart to yours, and I trust the warm love that fills my soul for all of you who suffer — whether through the sensitive nerves or in another way — may find its course through this little poem to the depths of feeling in your own souls. Perhaps I shall never know whether my message does you good or not, but my Father will, and that is all that is needful.

These lines are not meant to glorify pain, but to beautify it, and to make those whose lives are shut in from the great world of activity by shades of pain or uncommon care, aye, *common* care, as well, feel that they are shut in for the Master's use. You see, dear hearts, the active ones are so busy that the Master may not always draw them into soulful conferences, but you — you know better than I could tell you the hourly reminders of that Presence that whispers the secrets of abiding peace. He is your Comforter, and you are His.

ROSA PENDLETON CHILES.

"He whom Thou Lovest is Sick."

I WAS of late ill in a hospital,
And there Fra Ugo Bassi's sermon read,
That blessed sermon of the Vine, and as
I read, drank wine of healing the Vine bled
For broken spirits when in sacrifice
It hung stripped of its purple fruit. Then, given
In an infinite compassion, a strength
Of body returned with the spirit's strength,
That the sickened branch might the longer last
And seek in the Vine more abundant life.
And as the frail soul hung between earth-life —
A span at most — and that eternal stretch
Of time beyond it, while spring birds sang trills
Of hope, nor lent to requiem their notes,
Thought dwelt upon the Living Vine that bids
Its branches bear unstinting fruitage, while
They draw the fullness and the strength of life
From the Parent Stem, until spreading wide
In vivid beauty, the waving garlands
Shall cover hill and dale, and plenteous
In strength, yield purple clusters to refresh

The nations. Then, because the earth lacks warmth
To bring to richer fruitage, some day, wrapped
About the Central Stem, the branches shall
Be drawn for perfecting where are the soil
And sunlight needed for perennial growth.

Then earnestly I thought of how at last,
When earth shall know no more the Healing Vine,
No more its tendrils wave in the cool air,
No more its graceful fruit in crimson tides
Flow from the wine-press, barren boughs shall be
Cut off, and prayed with fervent yearnings such
As I, wrapped in my agony, might last
When the day of this transplanting shall come.
And here my thoughts, though broken as the life
Then bound to narrow couch of pain, I write
For others that are fettered to their beds,
And dreaming of life in the Living Vine.

I learned 'tis not always the sickened branch
That is most barren, nor need any fear
The knife because its tendrils droop from lack
Of strength to stand erect. Perchance the sap
That would have gone to these has gone instead
To fruit, and where lie low the sickly stem
And leaf, lie also, freighted to the earth
By wealth of bearing, ripened clusters which
Await their hour to burst in scarlet streams

Of healing. Then fret not frail branch if leaves
Green as the bay's beside thee flourish; for,
A few short days the yellowed tendrils droop
Under the fevered kisses of the sun,
And there is lack of moisture to cool
The slender veins, and then the Husbandman
Will come and cast aside not boughs that parch
And wilt above the fullness of their fruit,
But those that by their side bear only leaves.
'Tis naught that green boughs lift their heads in
pride

Of strength, yet bear no fruit; for sick or well,
The fruit must yield and be alone the test
Of what shall live. But think not to escape
The Pruner's knife, thou fruitful bough, for once
It was declared, "Each branch in me that bears
No fruit He takes away, and every branch
That bears He purges, that this one may bear
More fruit." So sharp may fall the painful blade
Upon thy stock, and leave for all thy fruit
A bleeding stalk. Dost feel a quiver? Wait,
The bearing time will come again.

But yet
The vine, with all its wealth of life and strength
Of sacrifice, is not the only form
To which the Master likens you. By this
He speaks to men of vital life and wine

That flows in offering, but when Christ shows
The world the steadfast, settled character
Of those, who "having done all, stand" in strength
And majesty immutable, He calls
Himself the Builder and his children stones —
The signs of changelessness. Now, grapes are
type
Of sacrifice, because the glory and
Perfection of their life they yield to him
Who treads the wine-press, but the crystal that
Strong pressure in the cycles of its past
Has fixed in permanence, yields not again.

And now beloved, if we are to be
Stones in that human Temple, let us have
The quality of stones, nor break, but bear
The pressure of our place, nor seek to choose
That place, but only rest secure and firm
In any portion of the wall assigned
Us by the Architect Divine — the joy
And honor of a stone is to be used
At all.

That Temple of Humanity,
Erected by Divinity, will have
Magnificence with which all lavishness
Of Byzantine and Moorish was but work
Of children when illusive form and tint

Once trembling sped through Fancy's train, and
each

Well chosen stone will be the fairest where
It lies, but if there architrave and frieze
And cornice be, with sculptures fret, and here,
Where little pressure is on stones that form
The Temple's flower and finish, we find not
Our place, then let us be content to bear
The insistent pressure of middle walls.
Some stones are meant for ornament, but some
For other use, and which for each the stones
Know not, but wait upon the Builder's choice.
Of this alone the human block may be
Assured — that He who builds can never err,
But chooses as is fittest for the stone
And for the Temple. If thy place is found
In hidden niches of the inner wall,
'Tis here the greatest strength is asked and thou
Art chosen for an honored part. Think not
With envy on the fretted block, for thou
Wouldst spoil the frieze, and that would spoil the
wall.

Nor think identity to lose when sealed
Forever to those blocks whose semblance so
Makes thee one with them that none may declare
Wherein thy mission differs from the part
Of stones that hem thee in, and each to each
Cemented, ye make up the common mass.

The Spirit of the Temple fills each block
With fervent life, distinct from all beside,
Nor dwells alone in Psychic form of frieze
Or cornice. Why lament the part assigned?
Consider, murmurer: no capital
Or architrave but bears the heat and light,
Ay, oft the tempest, too; as well to bear
The pressure.

It is not for souls, to whom
Belongs the majesty of endless part,
To mar that part with murmur; as the part
Must live, so must the murmur live and be
The soul's companion in its later sphere.
Are there no fitter ones? Yea, let your choice
Of all be suited to the endlessness
That lies before you; nor, beloved, may
Ye think of ease or joy of place, but as
The branches of the Living Vine, think e'er
Of sacrifice; and as the stones that make
That Living Temple, think of strength to bear.

Dear heart, that longs for outer life, to have
The angel of the breeze caress you and
The dews of night your fevered throbs to cool,
Fret not; your place is safe from cares that tent
Themselves about those outer lives and spread
Gray mists of trouble you may never know

Above them. Seems your portion bitter? Theirs
Is not all sweet. If in the chamber whose
Dull walls are echoes of your murmurings;
A voice should whisper, "All is changed, the bonds
Of pain are loosed," and straight the life should seek
The gilded ways of freedom, then would all
Be well? Nay, for activity's fierce clasp
Might bind you closer than now bind your pain
And helplessness.

Lie still, beloved, for
The lot is ever measured to the need;
That need that cries without the mystery
Of universal plan to the one life,
And only one, that can its wants supply,
That need that cries without your inner soul
For place supplied in universal plan.
Hast never learned that in that plan our lives
Are made to *do* or *bear*, as in the veins
Of each there flow the pallid tides of pain
Or crimson tides of action? Not all wine
Of life is red, not all red wine the best,
But each the product of a perfect fruit.
The streams of labor and of suffering
Flow side by side, nor may we always know
Which current better serves the world; this God
Sees now, and we must wait to see. Yet this
Is plain — one river or the other flows
In ev'ry living vein. What matter which?

God gives the world an angel for each need
To watch above the lives of men in joy
Or woe or rest or work, and all the earth
Is shadowed by their presence. But He gives
The angel of service only two wings,
And one forever shelters those who all
Their strength from crimson dawn to silver night
Bestow on field and mart, while tenderly
The other rests o'er those that give their strength
From dawn to night and night to dawn to bear
The pain that stills from work. No life but seeks
Its shelter from the pinion shadowing
The field of labor, but 'tis not for lives
To choose, theirs only to accept the shade
That rests above them, and to pray for strength
To go forth gladly to the way of work
Or pain. What right have souls to shrink from
tasks

Assigned them? Theirs alone to stand supreme
In silence, as those who need not themselves
To choose, but rest beneath the choice of One
Who knows the part, and him who best can fill
It.

Souls, come get you to your place, and if
You watch the sky for portents, think not that
The soft white mass which rests above, and waves
Of mist to sunward dipping, gathers all
The gold into its bosom, is storm-cloud

And chargèd to deliver bolts of wrath.
It is an angel's shadow, and clear writ
Upon its wings to all who read is this
Sweet message: "God knows who can *do* and who
Can *bear*"; for Consolation is the twin
Of Care, and wheresoever Pain shall lead,
Ye sick ones, sore blinded by the dense fog
Of your murmurings, and who closer press
The thorns that prick you while you ever seek
Release, will Solace follow on and cry:
"This asks the Lord of you who knows how much
To ask of each." Perchance He would not ask
As much of one whose life was kissed to light
By the same dawn, or trust that one as well
To bear it. Yea, sure evidence and mark
Of His divinity is marvelous
Economy in power creative, so
That beings looking first into the dawn
Of life, yet purpled by the night through which
They came, have each their own peculiar force
And fitness for some task no other could
Perform. Perchance not one of all the hosts
That walk the strenuous ways of this world,
Flushed with the wine of energy and strength,
Or those that dwell in myriad other worlds
Of space illimitable, ever glad
In mystic labors hid behind the point
Of trembling splendor in the midnight dome,

Could bear thy lot so well as thou. He gives
His confidence for this to thee alone,
Then dare thou fail, or trust supreme as this
Betray? Nay, heart, bear on, bear well.

Look down

The vista of past centuries at One
Who 'mid the jeers and mocking of the mob,
The doubts of followers, the mighty weight
Of inner cross, when all the harmony
Of His eternal past was shocked by note
Of discord shrill, bore patiently His cross,
And left a crimson path to mark the way
For all who follow Him. Look, heart, and see
The scarlet thread that leads to Calvary,
Then follow gladly in its narrow course,
As one who knows the dignity of rank,
The glory of a royal road.

Yea, souls,

Must we each one stop in the onward rush
Of our life and see if we follow close
The blood-stained way, or if in weakness we
Have turned aside to other paths, which lead
Not to Golgotha and to *life*. Now as
We look by-paths are filled with souls astray;
While some aweary from the long, long way
Have laid their burdens down for respite, there
Are others, guilt-stained more, who wander far

And gather here and there wild flowers, fair
To see, but yet distilling poison
Of sin and death, while butterflies with wings
Of gauze and prismic hued drink from their cups
And flutter in death on the heads of all
Who pluck. One calls, they answer not, and calls
Again, "My cross I bear." Dear Lord, forgive
That while Thou mountest that dark steep where
Pain

Shall run through flesh and soul and ply its course
To sever into twain Thy carnate life
From that eternal fleshless one, and thrust
Its knives in keenest revelry where once
Alone is given Pain to play in power
And wantonness supreme, we wander on
In lightsome ways, nor care that Thou Thy cross
Dost bear while we bear not our own.

And now

I beg you, ye sick ones, who marvel that
The angel of Ease brings you no surcease
Of pain, to come with me to Galilee
And learn how Christ in days of ministry
On earth then dealt with one He loved when Death
Stretched forth his hands to take him for his own.
So prone we are to feel that when He walked
Incarnate here glad flowers of healing sprang
To life where'er His footsteps fell, while now

Men see the thorn and myrtle tree alone
Spring from His tracks when Christ comes down
unseen

To walk the way of life with us. And thus
Is sown the seed of envy in our hearts
Of those who touched His garment's hem and felt
The pulses quicken into joyous life
From virtue in the healing contact; but
Whate'er our envy and our murmurings,
In that far distant time, as ever now,
The course of justice, with its source in God,
Flows on — a stream that knows no tides, nor floods
One spot to verdant life and barren leaves
Another. Healing for one life and pain
For one, but justice and unfailing love
For both.

Now while Semitic murmurings
Sweep storm-gusts o'er His path and Eastern skies
Reverberate with Jewish thunder, now
While tempest whiffs and tongues of lightning smite
The sides of Calvary, the glory and
The strength of measureless sacrifice cast
A halo o'er the Master's life, yet we,
All blinden to the lambent gleam, see but
The Man of Love walk gently on His way
And wear the majesty of matchless aim
As humbly as the peasant wears his cloak.

And now when comes transcendent aim to fruit
And fullness we see Him in Galilee,
Not many days' journey from Bethany,
And there He hears this all-pathetic cry:
"He whom Thou lovest, Lord, is sick." Have ye,
Hearts, not received a message like to this?
Have ye no room whose shades have once been
drawn,
While shades of death their blackness cast — a veil
'Tween soul and soul? Then, groping, did you try
To pierce the gloom and let the sunlight through,
The fragrance, and the poetry of life,
As if the past could have no end? But gloom
Like this, impervious to ev'ry sense
Of man, enveloped you 'til fell the calm
Of resignation on your souls, and you
Could see the angel's face, nor dreaded more
The shadow of his wing.

Ah! hearts, sad hearts
Of loving memories, were ye far off
When whispered in your ear the fatal word?
Then how like years seemed days that interposed
Between you and that distant one! Nay, days
Were not, but nights, for shades of sorrow shut
Out light, nor know we day has ever been
Save in the thought of years now past when he
We love was not sick, nor were we far off.

Was your pain great when mind and heart had
grasped
The meaning of the message? Think you then
The Master felt no sting because Death claimed
His friend?

When ye were called to walk the vale
That slopes from heights of life to waters which
Ne'er beat their banks but with an echo we
Cannot interpret, hearing the swift strokes
Of speechless oarsmen, and knowing your loved
Should be borne to the land whose visions have
Not met your sight, and you must stand alone
On the dread shore, nor even cool your brow
In the mysterious flood at your feet,
Did not a cry escape you: "Lord, I can
Not reach again the heights of peace if Thou
Go not with me"? And straight did not He make
His presence known, and whisper vital words
Of tenderness with hand to hand and heart
To heart, retracing with you all the vale
Of woe to hills of joy beyond it? Can
It be that He who feels the prick of thorns
That sting us, and when dews of sorrow bathe
Our brows, His own lays bare to the same mist,
That He who from the fount of all our joy
Or woe drinks deep, would not have us respond
With sympathetic concept to the claims

That bring the heart of God to grief? The power
And majesty of God sit throned on heights
That we cannot approach, but once begirt
By human limits that mighty All-Soul
Was bound to earth, and note of tenderness
Awoke that sings the longing of God's heart
For tones in us responsive. Was it naught
To Christ that He must suffer Lazarus
To bear that last unconquerable pain
When power was His to stay the blade of death?
The might of God is shown not more in things
He has the power to do, than in the things
He does, but has the power not to do;
And here is seen the only limit which
Omnipotence has placed upon itself —
The pain to exercise its power.

How sweet
Had been that peaceful home, set in the side
Of Olivet, and nursed by Southern breeze
And sun! There was reserved for Him one spot
Alone of rest and joy serenely sweet
Upon the planet of His wanderings,
Where freed from gory grasp of strife He let
The fount of love in simple hearts bathe all
The wounds that stung and all the weariness
That palled. Here were three friends set in the mass
Of enemies as jewels in a mine
Of dross, and one of these was sick.

To one

Who holds no bond more close all tenderness
Is given bonds of friendship, and their threads
As surely bind as stronger cords that draw
Hearts closer and in drawing oft give pain.
Last night I dreamed, and lo! a flood of light
That dazzled eyes accustomed not to more
Than tropic glare. The cause I sought and found
Angelic form diffused the radiance —
A ray of heaven's light had borne to earth
Its messenger — and as I trembling looked
Upon the form within that radiance,
A voice said, "Child, fear not, but answer me —
Believest thou in compensation?" Then
I thought of all whose lives seem poorly paid
For sorrow and for care, and answered, "Yea,
In heaven." "But now?" bespoke the messenger.
Again did vision of some human woe
The motive give to my conception, and
I gave reply, "Nay, nay, not here; in heaven."
"But what means this?" the angel said, and lo!
Without the radiance stood one who long
Had been beside me in each wearing care,
In all my blind mistakes, to help and soothe
Me in the fever of my living. "Child,
Behold thy friend," the angel said, "the Lord
Of heaven had no more than this when here —
Believest now?" "Yea, now," unfaltering,

I said, "I know that heaven is not all
Of our compensation, for much comes here."
Now friendship, heart, is compensation's gift
For closer bonds ne'er made or lost.

Dear heart,

When the raven of sorrow bore to thee
Its message writ in woe, didst tarry long?
Nay, nay, but envièd the bird, and made
All haste, while o'er the soul swept waves of fear
That chilled the faith to freezing; but the Lord
Two days abode in the place where He was
Before He turned His steps to Bethany.
How gladly would His love have taken wings
Of spirit speed, had not a voice cried, "Nay,
Abide, my glory must be wrought in death
As well as life." As man, the love of man
Swept o'er His soul in tides of anguish, but
As God, the love of God spoke calm and peace
To the hot floods of human feeling. Thou
Couldst not have staid? Nay, heart, but in thy
depths
Is only human flood, and thine the strength
Of mortals, broken by rush of mad waves,
And God can do what thou canst not. Hast said
To thyself in wonderment: "God is good,
Yet suffers agony to tear the heart
And crush the life," and hast allowed black doubt

To close in struggle with thy faith until
The Night of Unbelief her draperies
Of darkness has let fall upon the field
Of battle, wrapping folds of deep despair
About the soul? Then cease this struggle, heart,
And know that God does much beyond the power
Of man to understand. Why try to bound
Omnipotence by human concept? Thou
Who reasonest, hast fathomed all the mind
Of God? Nay, in this present world God walks
Beside us hand to hand and heart to heart,
But mind to mind alone in heaven. "Be still,
And know that I am God," — He suffers us
To know, and this is all — *sufficient, too*,
Can the frail bird that skims the air and rests
Its pinion on a twig of bush or tree,
The while with mellow strain it charms a child
At play, know aught of all that fills that mind —
Its plans of play or dreams of might? Or can
The child, who, tired of game and song of bird,
Now comes and rests its head upon thy knee,
Know aught of all that stirs and thrills thy life,
Or measure the motives that move the minds
Of men? Dost try, frail human mind, to know
Thy God?

If thou inexorable front
Of Pain couldst see in furrowed segment cut

On brow of child or friend, as Suffering
His image traced in the warm flesh, and thou
The sculptor and the chisel couldst thrust out
With one stroke of the hand, and see once more
The lineless beauty of that brow, wouldst wait?
Nay, for man's strength is far too frail, but God
Can wait 'til Pain his last and boldest line
Has traced, and through that stress of agony
His marvelous design fulfills; for know,
O heart, the strength of all is fixed in need.
What need have we to know the power that lets
Pain trace his image in the tender flesh
Of one we love? Is Pain responsible
To us? Are we the censors of his work?
God gives man strength in draughts that meet man's
need,

Nor suffers him to drain the fount nor see
Its inner depths of ruby flood. On Mount
Moriah Abram one potation drank,
And raised aloft his blade to smite the son
In whom lay mystery of nations' life,
In whom lay also love's fair promise. But
Death's sting lasts only while the knife falls back
And life's tide flows into eternity's.
God knew how much to ask of Abraham,
And ever knows how much to ask of you.
You could not for a day hold firm thumb-screw
Or rack to torture your worst enemy;

The soul of Anguish, with its blood-stained gaze
Searching your soul for respite, would wring cry
Of pain from you: "Stop! stop! I cannot bear
To see thee longer." But the Lord, bidding
An hour when some frail life shall lay aside
The aching garment of the flesh, and wrapped
In robes of finer fabric, glor'ous trail
In eternity's halls, can hold for years
With iron grasp the trembling, aching, tired,
And dying nerves of one He loves far more
Than thou hast ever loved thy dearest here,
Till these, exhausted long, at last beat out,
And God's great plan for that small life is wrought.

I watched a life apart from pain and thought
How beautiful the soul that dwells in form
Like this, whose organs, free from Suff'ring's whip,
Move only at the call of joyous Good —
A flawless agency through which the will
Of God may work in all the varied forms
Of action; and yet fruitless flitted days
And weeks, and lay the listless hands, as cold
And motionless as stone, within her lap.
Again I saw this one, but lo! the face,
Once artist's dream, in all its curves wore marks
Of tort'rous pain, yet flowed the warm blood as
From hearts that feel, in ev'ry vein, and now
Rare virtues none had seen before shone forth

So all beheld and loved a life like this.
Is this the way He speaks through all? Nay, not
Through all, *but some*. If thou, dear heart, art one,
Be thankful. Stretch forth now thy arms *and they*
Will touch thy Lord, so close He lives to one
Whose form is clasped by pain. No one of all
His minist'rings of grace His presence needs
So much, nor trusts He saint nor angel, but
The Lord keeps for Himself the priceless task
Of biding with the sick.

And thou couldst not
Have tarried when a friend lay dying? Yea,
Humanity is borne upon the wings
Of Love to meet its sorrow — greater he
Who bids his sorrow wait on slower flight
Of Wisdom, for Love sees the cause alone,
Nor waits upon effects, while Wisdom looks
Beyond and sees eternal ends. Canst count
The souls now glorified because the Lord
Unsealed the grave at Bethany? Canst mark
The power of consequence? "To the intent
Ye should believe and God be glorified,"
He said. What mattered then that death? As
naught,
And yet as much — so much that "Jesus wept,"
For though at times, in mystery divine,
Full hard and crushing seemeth God's strong hand,

And long we seek some freedom from it, then
That great Heart throbs in love transcending far
The love of women, fonder than the love
Of mothers when they first imprint a kiss
Upon the cheek of new-born babe, and thrills
With passionate feeling for all the life
Of Anguish in our veins. No quiv'ring nerve
But draws Him closer in embrace of love
And strength commingled, while we feel the grasp
of iron fingers only. Ah! lie still,
We feel the love in God's firm touch when flesh
And mind and heart lie silent under it.

I saw the hand of Pain fall heavily
On one whose faith was strong as ancient oaks,
But one whose fragile life no vigor held
More than the reed — a plaything of the winds;
And firmer grew the grasp inflexible,
Until the frail life sighed its strength away.
Then all who saw the depths of justice, love,
And mercy fathomed for a reason, while
One smiled without the Realm of Perfect Sight
And said, "God's reasons lie not in the depths
Of human understanding, but in heights
Of divine conception, involving more
Than ye on earth may know, nor should ye seek
To know, but only to accept."

Dear heart,
That wearied art with long, long suffering,
And seest only more to take its place
And sharper as the nerves grow tenderer,
Drink deeper at the fount of patience; let
Its cool draughts calm unrest that flows, a mad
And fevered current, in thy veins. The soul
That dwells within the fount will soothe thy life
And whisper revelation's truth to come;
For, heart, in this is paradox complete —
That he who waits in patient ignorance
Awakes in perfect knowledge. Does some voice
Tell thee the time is long? Wait, wait, brave heart,
Enduring 'til the throbbing life of pain
Is done.

Seems that yoke heavy which He told
Us should be light? Yea, heart, but burdens are
Not reckoned by the Master for their weight
Upon the tender flesh, but for their load
Upon the vital spirit, so He speaks
Unto that vital life and says, "Ye shall
Find rest unto your souls." The Father ne'er
Forgets the tortured nerves, nor counts as naught
The anguished music of those trembling chords,
But rest is for the soul.

Hast felt thyself
Forsaken when the pain was hard to bear?

'Tis then with soul to soul the Lord stands by
And bears the hardest part Himself, although
Thou mayst not see nor feel His presence by.
How think you Laz'rus felt, the giant, Life,
And giant, Death, their mighty bolts fierce hurled
Unto the mortal end, and knowing well
The battle's issue? Ah! what then of that
All-loving Friend and Lord whose power had raised
So many other men? Hast thought this one
Whose sun of life had set and left but one
Red streak on the horizon's brim — a thought
That burned within the brain — cried not as yet
The Lord Himself should cry, "Ah! 'why hast

Thou

Forsaken me?' " Had Christ forsaken him?
Nay, nor will He forsake a single one
Of you. Lean on the air invisible
And know that He is in it. Though thou canst
Not feel the thrilling Form, yet close He holds
Thee in His arms, and will not let thee go,
For love, for very love, because thy pain
Is needful for thy perfecting. Why seek
Release so soon? God's promise is to him
Enduring steadfast to the end, and still
'Neath all the purpling woe that brews to storms
Above. No limit set on crucial tests
Save dissolution only, so thou canst
Not say, "To-day, to-morrow, and my soul

Shall leave its prison for a freer air.”
Wouldst try to change God’s broader limit?

Ah!

Ye souls with whom discipling is pain
And long endurance fellowship, none know
So well as ye that for a service great
As yours must strength and patience sink their roots
Into the very Rock of Life, and drink
Their nourishment from waters under it.
No other souls have need of strength like yours,
For these, released from trial for the rest
Of night, have time to walk in the cool air
At eve, to meet the living form of Joy,
While ye at dawn or noon or night, must bide
Forever in the furnace of your pain.
Ah! ye know well your need, then put forth
 strength,
O souls of greater tests, and marvel not
That ye must bear so much, but marvel that
He chooses you to bear.

 In olden time
Were three who walked unscathed amidst white
 flames,
Because beside them walked One who is Lord
Of elements, and since vast hosts have trod
The flames, all with the same companionship.

Is none a martyr save one whom the arm
Of Fire encircles? Are not martyrs, too,
They who lie long, long years in the white flames
Of sickness, bound to their beds as to stakes,
And still because God's way for them lies where
A furnace burns intense, but hidden? Yea,
And some are ye. Would miss your martyrdom,
Afraid to try the flame? Come, courage, souls,
God's hand controls the furnace of your pain
To stay it when your life has had its pure
Refining. Yea, and more, for harshest tongues
Of flame can never drown the melody
That trembles on His words, as by thy side
And hand in hand, the Master whispers, "Child,
Fear not, 'tis I, bear on."

Didst dream at first
And pray that death would end ere long the throb
Of nerves, tossed as by summer winds is tossed
The aspen's leaf, and rocked by sweep of storms
And counter sweep, and twisted, torn, yet held
As aspen's leaf in life? Most prayers God holds
In secret chambers of His heart — the room
Of worship, treasury of offering,
But this? Is this one treasure, heart? What
right
Have souls to offer such? Could one of you
Now stand and say, "My work is done and I

Would have my rest?" Thy rest *from what?* Ah!
bear

A little yet. The heart must not life's tide
Cut off by sudden stop, but beat out throb
By throb, on God's strict records numbered, known
Alone to Him and thee.

Our souls, dear heart,
Are flowers, blooming ever in the air
Of an infinite love, and some may bloom
And pass in a day, but yet others must
Preserve their sweetness, and for this must yield
Themselves to crushing rollers 'til the life
Is slowly shed in fragrance that shall last;
Just as the jasmine blossoms may delight
A fleeting moment and ephemeral
Then pass away, but some rare buds allow
Not wingèd sprites that in a sixty-breaths
Of time have gone to bear their sweetness off,
And so consent to maceration that
The attar of jasmine may longer please
The sense of men.

Confess thy thoughts of life:
Hast dreamed of happiness the portion here,
And heaven bliss immortalized? Is all
Of life a quick progression in the things
That make for bliss, with ease on ease and joy

On joy and ecstasy on ecstasy,
All ravishment and rapture, while we mount
The golden ladder, rung on rung, 'til lost
To sight in skies whose blue envelops joys
Eternalized? Know, dreaming soul, thine is
The pilgrim's progress, and outstretched lie field
And moor and mount, all filled with terrors which
Make men's hearts start without their place for fear,
Ere faintest gleam from yonder Jasper Throne
Shall break upon the groping sight. A dream,
A vision life, and filled with phantasies?
A zephyr's breath and day with music thrilled?
A fluttering of rose leaves, then a sense
Of perfumed air? Nay, heart, for life is more.
Trace on Time's Record Book the service done
By souls and know their life, and thus alone,
For time is marked by deeds; a day may be
A thousand years, its book of deeds possess
A thousand leaves, if this was filled with good;
A thousand years not e'en a day, its book
Of deeds one whited blank, if empty these
Have passed. Yea, life is long, fierce action,
wrought
In patient strength — who does or *bears* the best,
He fullest is of life.

Hast watched the skies
Of life and thought the blue no broidery

Could have but that in silver, crimson, gold,
And emerald? Ah! see the needle ply
In blackness, tempest, and tornado; e'er
Must these their portion add to make complete
The glory of the whole, for detail is
But ornament of shadow. Are the seas
Of life ne'er swept but by the sporting waves
Of joy, as they chase each other in play?
Gaze on and see those waters dash their force
Against the ships that ride them, leap in air
To meet the storm, embrace its gloom, and fall
Upon their beds to rise in greater strength
And battle to the end. No life has place
For stagnant skies or stagnant seas; then, heart,
Let action rule the current of the soul
(Though oft the body lies upon its bed)
And sweep it onward, onward, 'til it meets
The River in its course.

Another's life

Hast watched, and thought thine own the harder?

Thou

Art not concerned with this; to mortals it
Is not given to weigh their lives in scales
That balance perfectly — adjustment lies
With God. Full often thoughts like this strike deep
At Nature's sorest point and sink their shafts
Into the vulnerable flesh and find

Their way to vital parts. The invalid
Bound fast upon his couch, with sharp intent
Bent to the problem, wonders why fresh life
Throbs in the veins of one who walks the way
Without, as free as the wild bird to find
Its course, and never knowing aught of all
The passionate purpose that sets its seal
On him, and works its magic course in throb
On throb of pain, save such ephemeral
Impression as must come to all at sight
Of tense and pallid features — portraiture
Of suffering. And ever deeper sinks
The blade of thought to bring to naught Pain's work
Of love, and make thee feel that thine is lot
The hardest. Not alone is pain, perchance,
The portion, but the pain that seeks to bear
Thee company because thou lackest close
Companionship of earth and hast no life
Near linked to thine; but thou, mistaking all
The motive of thy sympathizer, canst
See only bitter made more bitter, and
Cry out that sharp and stinging pain is borne
The hardest with no soul on thy account
To feel distress — nor parent, child, nor one
To whom the life draws nearer whispering:
"Heart, this is pain to me," and here the plaint
Is fixed in truth. 'Tis hard to have no soul
To whom thou art most precious walking close

Beside thee down the deep, deep ways of pain,
When feet that tingle with the constant sting
Of nettles dread to take one other step,
And hands that reach for help and quiver meet
But thorns on ev'ry overhanging branch
That promises support. Down all the steep,
Rock-covered ways of agony one likes
To feel the influence of fond caress
And falling tear to soothe to calm repose
The broken spirit. Is not the request
But small? "Dear Lord, I'll bear the pain, I'll bear
It all, but grant me this one little thing —
A breath of love to soothe it." Ever is
It hard to lean on Him alone; though His
The only presence that can give us peace,
Humanity so potent is we fain
Would grasp forms tangible, and pray our Lord
To visit us in the person of one
Held dear by human ties. The feeling is
A form of nature common as the lips
That plead, and He who made us dust will bear
With human throbs, not for our sakes alone,
But to uphold the love that stoopeth low
To our infirmities. 'Tis hard that thou
Shouldst be inflexibly locked in the arms
Of Pain, with ev'ry sense of body dulled,
Save only the fast feeling nerves, and see
Another walk down Freedom's sunlit paths

And following some gilded dream of hope
To sure fulfilment — hope that thou hast hid
Behind the shadows of thy lot; or worse,
Perchance, 'tis hard to feel the fetters drawn
About thee, yet be pressed by some severe
Necessity to labor for thy part,
And drag thy irons to the daily task,
And bear each morn the sting of nerves that fain
Would be forever stilled, and find no rest
At night, and yet with morn thy labors must
Again pursue, subsistence for thy pains
To earn and keep alive the aches and throbs
Of life (O mockery of mockeries!),
While yonder, fetterless, another moves,
Thrillèd with strength, and glad as the spring-bird
For very living. But hush all the wild
And bitter plaint ('tis this that robs the lot
Of sweet), and thank thy Lord he chooses thee
To bear, as one held worthy of a trust.
Yea, heart, be glad for very living, too,
Glad as the morning star that glows serene
Between the bars of crimson sky, when dawn
First beams from the lap of the night. Look up
To the infinite heavens, whose repose
Broods above weary spirits. Listen, heart,
To the glad music of the spheres — a strain
Too fine for souls not sensitive from pain
To hear — at some lone hour when sleep has left

Thy eyes, and gazing out into the night
And space illimitable, they behold
Those limp'd balls swing each in place, nor clash,
Nor murmur, but each star accepting its
Own fixèd orbit, moves therein by day,
By year, by century, and sings the march
Of pure content. While greater lights move on
Content, should lesser ones complain? Not one
Of all the galaxy, breathed to its place
By word supreme, gave forth a trembling note
Of discord until mortals found their place,
And made of earth the Star of Variance.

Has Thought turned murmurer, and asked thee
why
Thy bark is caught within the maelstrom and
Whirled in mad circles by the twisting waves,
While on the gentle heave of quiet seas
Another bark glides smooth and joyous on
To its appointed haven? Stay this plaint,
Nor mar with fretful murmurings the life
That God is trying to perfect. Walk close
Beside Him as He meets thee on the shore
Of Galilean Sea within thy soul,
Then ask him face to face, "And what shall this
Man do?" The blue ripples will rhythmic bear
His answer on and on to further seas,
And far beyond the whirlpool that has caught

Thy barge within its swirlings, "What is that
To thee?" What right have I, dear Lord, to ask
Thy plan for any other? Is it not
Sufficient thou hast planned for *me*?

Would miss
Your pain? Nay, think what else to lose beside —
A soul of finer finish. Does the vale
Between the everlasting hills that shows
Its solid green beneath white daisies blown
Above, look to another as to thee?
Are trills of mock-bird's song, that rhythmic stir
On leaves of the oak which repeat their thrill
In shadows on thy bed, as exquisite
Of melody to any other as
To thee? Are violets as sweet? Nay, some
Are poets while they walk the world without,
But all may poets be while bound to couch
Of pain. Can one intoxicant with strength
And caught in outer circles of life's whirl,
Weave glory in each light and shade or hear
Seraphic choirs in common sounds? Can such
An one in sleep too deep for dreams behold
The visions waiting on thy fragile rest?
Are these e'er kissed by angels in their sleep,
Or do they talk with God Himself in hours
When all are held in silent rest but He
And thou? Nay, bear the pain for poet's eye

And transformation's symmetry of soul.
A mere block in the sculptor's hand may change
To Psychic dream, yet feel no thrill of pain
In transformation, but when God would bring
A soul to perfectness, the chisel falls
On spots so delicate that only He
Can see and thou canst feel.

Ye may not know
The wherefore of your pains; this only doth
Appear — the largest good to you, some dear
One, or *an enemy*. What matter why?
Have ye, beloved, not enough to think
Of how to bear? It is not given souls
To know all things, but it is given each
To bear its lot, and this for solace — *back*
Of all is God.

The order of events
Has marked for each its correlate — for smiles
Are tears, for joy is grief, for restful ease
The throbbing pang, as Nature balances
Her mounts with vales, her seas with continents,
And day with night. Should life without the soul
More beauty show than life within? Nay, heart,
The golden curtain of thy day is lined
With sable, as the curtain of the earth
Anon hangs dark or light, and now thy dreams

Are 'neath the shadow of the darker fold.
 Couldst dream as well in sunlight? Ah! thy bed
 Is drawn within the shadows now to let
 Thee dream. But one may say that dreams are dark
 If born in shadow. Nay, more marvelous,
 For He who paints thy visions dwells in shade
 When thou art there.

If not within the life
Is found for ease and pain an even scale,
The correlate must be without it, and
If pain thy portion be in balancing
Another's ease, why question, heart? If some
Must suffer, why not thou? Yea, take the part
In thankfulness that ease has come to one
If not to thee. But yesterday there lay
A birdling on my hearth, sore bruised by fall
From nest above, nor soothing took, nor food,
But gasped for hours (in bird-life long), while that
Same hour his fellows dipped their graceful wings
In the clear ether, circling joyous, taught
By mother-bird to fly. Must bird-lives have
Their correlate of ease and pain while we
Have only ease?

But one may say, "I'd bear
My own pain, howsoever sharp — the pain
That comes from some mistake or sin of mine —

But this comes from another's error, and
Transmitted unto me by one I know
Not, nor have loved, and long ere they that gave
Me life were born, this soul poured in the veins
Of a child the bitter cup of its pains,
And went into the infinite to find
Its place, nor can my suffering weave joy
Or woe in the unalterable lot.
Ah! heart, hast never learned that souls must drink
The wine poured out for them in cup that holds
The dregs another left, nor once may stop
To dwell upon the bitterness, but drink
'Til all is drained, and see that no lees left
Embitter cup that passes from their hand?
Ah! there, dear heart, is all the bitterness —
The passing from thy hand, when the cold eyes
Of Dumb Reproach without the future rise
To plead their cause. But if thou mayst not stay
Transmission of thy part, then see there goes
With pain a spirit beautified by peace.
Thy pain thou mayst not give to all, but such
Alone as spring from flesh and blood of thine,
But patience, grace, and strength are flowers that
wrap
Their tendrils round the souls of all who know
Thee, and from these extend to other souls,
And on their sweetness trail and sink their roots
In fertile soil and bear a fragrant bloom.

Then, heart, when all is said the tale of life
Is soon spelled out. Yea, while we close our ears
To miss the bitter climax, inner sense
Reveals the climax past, for time waits not
Upon our fears, but ever bears us on
In flight more swift than that of storm-swept birds
To our appointed end. Why fret while hours
With pinions for the swiftest flight, which rest
Not neither day nor night, make unseen course
Through unseen air to unseen worlds? A few
Strokes of the mystic pinion, and no more
Thy pains will live to fret thee, but some spring
Of action God designed by these to put
In motion, lives, and starts fresh springs each day
In other souls, and on through centuries
It moves, nor knows a limit save the end
Of time, when days shall mingle with the one
Vast æon of eternity as fresh
Drops mingle with the endless sea, and there,
Transformed, will meet thee in that Everness
In potent form of beauty and of love.
If pain of yours, wreathed in the blossomings
Of patience, cause some spring of love to move
In other souls — the beggar feeds, or clothes
The needy, shows the rich man and the poor
In loving fellowship, awakes one soul
To smile into its Maker's eyes and meet
His smile, then know your pain is no vain thing,

Nor need you envy him whose portion is
To drink the wine of vital energy,
And stand within the forum masterful
In active strength — they serve as well who lie
And suffer.

Now, again of Lazarus :

What matter that Death claim his own? As naught,
And yet as much, for God's great heart was moved
To sympathy of tears. So when He plans
For thee. Though pain is woven in thy lot —
The very woof and web of life — and this
Enough for thee to know, yet often as
The night watches find Him and thee alone,
With the harsh garment of thy pain drawn close
About thee, then the tears of God fall so
That thou canst almost feel them on thy face.
Did Jesus weep for Lazarus alone?
Nay, heart, behold His tears for thee. Draw close,
Look face to face into the watching eyes
And see the heart of love; breathe low, and miss
No note of all the throbbing tenderness
That beats above thee; lose no whisper as
He bids thee follow while he leads from vale
To peak, from peak to summit, far upborne
From regions of our grosser sight, as once
On Tabor three disciples stood. Wilt tell
Thy nurse a pleasant dream has soothed thee? Yea,

The dreams of one who follows where He leads
Are ever pleasant, nor are all His mounts
Called Calvary.

Think not, dear heart, that I
Forget the harder part, nor say, "This one
Has never suffered." Nay, I have, nor can
Forget my fretting 'neath His rod, yet when
The iron Hand inflexible has lain
Upon me, nor would loose its clasp for cry
Of mine, I then have felt the throbbing love
That held the Hand in steadfastness and soothed
My spirit, until grown submissive, all
Mad fretting ceased, and with my Lord I climbed
The heights to Tabor, and there prayed for strength
To reach the higher point of Calvary,
For Tabor is half-way upon the road,
But Calvary its end.

I count myself
Unworthy to e'en touch the fevered brow
Of one of you, who, calm in spirit, now
Lies kissed by Pain, and patient in that clasp
Inflexible, long years await surcease
That comes with death alone, yet feels no throb
Of murmur, but as something treasured close
You press your pangs and take them for a bond
Most precious, knowing that the touch of pain

Is but the kiss of God. Your couch is ground
So hallowed such as I, whose suffering
Has stirred a harsher note, dare not approach
You nearer than to touch the draperies
About your bed and kiss their sacred folds
In thankfulness that such as you can prove
The blessedness of pain. Could any count
It small in you to rest in silence and
Serenity within the steadfast Arms,
Seraphic radiance upon your brow
And smile of joy upon your lips, with ears
Deaf to discordant notes in tortured frame,
And hearing only the soft lullaby
That God ne'er sings but to the one He holds
Thus close? Nay, heart, by the fierce pains of Him,
Who since no higher service He could give
To God and men gave suffering, we know
Full well its mightiness, and must believe
That He who gave it will receive it as
A service glorious as all men do
Or long to do. But this is asked to make
The service fit — the love that takes it as
It would another task and ever bears
In patient faithfulness. And here the soul
Should wing its flight through all infinitude,
Nor rest till at the throne of Power it cries
For strength, nor rise 'til strength is given —
a strength

Against which many pains cannot prevail.
O Master of all pains, grant that when Thou
Dost bid me follow Thee. I follow well,
Until to waters fierce that lash their waves
About my life and whip to agony
The weary flesh, Thou shalt say, "Peace, be still."

I could not be of those, who hold that pain
Of body is the least of human ills.
The fancy of an ill-stirred mind, a form
Of sin that works alone within the brain
Of weaklings, something conquered by an act
Of will. When God chose sacrifice to be
The penalty for sin, and made Himself
Its subject, He chose pain of body as
Its agent. Think you there is naught in this?
Nay, no vagary of that Mind Supreme,
But choice of sentient pain that He himself
Might bear the worst — the majesty of God
Could choose no less. And so, beloved, pain
The finer means a finer purpose fixed
In the Infinite Mind for you, for if
Not least of all His mighty service was
The agony of flesh and nerve, this is
Not least of yours. What hero boasts of deeds
More fair than any patient invalid's?
On that eternal, changeless Record is
It writ that they are heroes who endure.

Of all the qualities that move in men
And thrill to action, ever hath been love
Esteemed the strongest, most to motive power
That works in God akin. Could He whose heart
Is source of love and makes it well of all
The best in us, have other fountain-spring
When comes our turn to have the body, heart,
And life wrought in the infinite plan? Ah!
Your pains are tokens of dilection, for
Your life is ruled by One who loves, and you
Of that great love are object. Calls the bird
Unto its mate in the fathomless depths
Of the blue, and in rifted rock, far down
The sunless cliff, a flower springs to view
Of Him alone who walks abroad at eve
In cañon solitudes; in mother's arms
A babe coos to the smiles that woo it, and
All by the Father's love o'ershadowèd,
As thou. 'Tis sweet to be with babe and bird
And blossom object and delight of love
Like this. Hast led thy feet o'er rough-hewn paths
And fields where thorns have torn? Well, what of
that?
Wouldst thou have missed the love that led thee
thence?

“He lieth sick whom Thou dost love.” Swift
borne

By angels, the sad message finds thy Lord
Ere consciousness has caught the sting of pain
From the all-faithful nerves. Perchance, as once,
The Master tarries. What of that? Shall He
Whose power inherent holds the universe
To its balance and swings above it heaven
Of perfectness, to which the motive moves
In all its worlds, in which their promise ends,
Now speed his steps to stay thy pains? And yet,
If best for thee, dear heart, how swifter than
The storm's breath would the Lord of Healing find
His place beside thee.

No marvel was it
The man of Bethany must walk alone
To the River's brink and alone sink down
In the engulfing depths. The Master looked
With loving eyes down all the centuries
At the long, long train of suffering folk
Who should give body, hope, and life to serve
Him in their turn, and said, "For these I must
Abide, that they may know the love that works
Through pain." He tarried then, dear heart, to
teach
Thy lesson and that other needful one
Of strengthened faith through miracle of life
Restored, and motive power of both was love —
Love that in faithfulness must ever hold

Its purpose greater than the pain in which
It worketh. Yet the very record shows
The tenderness that yearns to all to whom
The Lord appoints discipling that works
In the sensitive flesh. It had not so
Appealed to thee to say that Lazarus
Was sick, but "he Thou lovest" makes as thine
The message, for the Master loves thee, too,
And thou as Lazarus must wear the cross
Of pain, nailed fast to the pitiless weight.
'Tis for the well to *bear* their cross, the sick
Must *wear* it, pinioned to its outstretched arms
In lines of unpitying, last strength.

The worship of song is fragrance of joy
From flowers that bloom in the soul's glad day,
The worship of prayer is incense exhaled
From hearts that burn choicest spice of life
In offering, but worship of the pain
That never ceaseth is the offering
Of life itself, and this the Master asks
From some of you.

'Tis strange we should mistake
For evidence of hate the faithful strokes
Of love. Not thus the feeling to one who
Administers the part of parent here.
A moment may the faithful rod seem mark

Of hate, but when the mother's arms once clasp
Us to her throbbing heart, we must believe
That love is there, and so the passionate
Caress return, and on the anguished breast
The curtain of sleep falls on our small hurt,
And we know naught but that an angel kissed
Us in our dreams and left upon our cheek
A tear, then wake to smile into the eyes
That watch above us, and a deeper sense
Within us stirs. Yet when God's hand doth hold
The rod in love, deep, warm, transforming, we
In bitterness complain that yonder one,
Whose life moves in a golden dream, is child
Of love, and we, to whom he draws *so close*,
Forsaken ones. Ah! heart, thy reasoning
Is false, but lay aside *all reason*, and
Then *feel* his love. Some things we know by
thought,
But not the deeper things that link to God.
When souls reach out and grasp the Infinite
There is no room for thought, but only love
That feels, and knows because it feels.

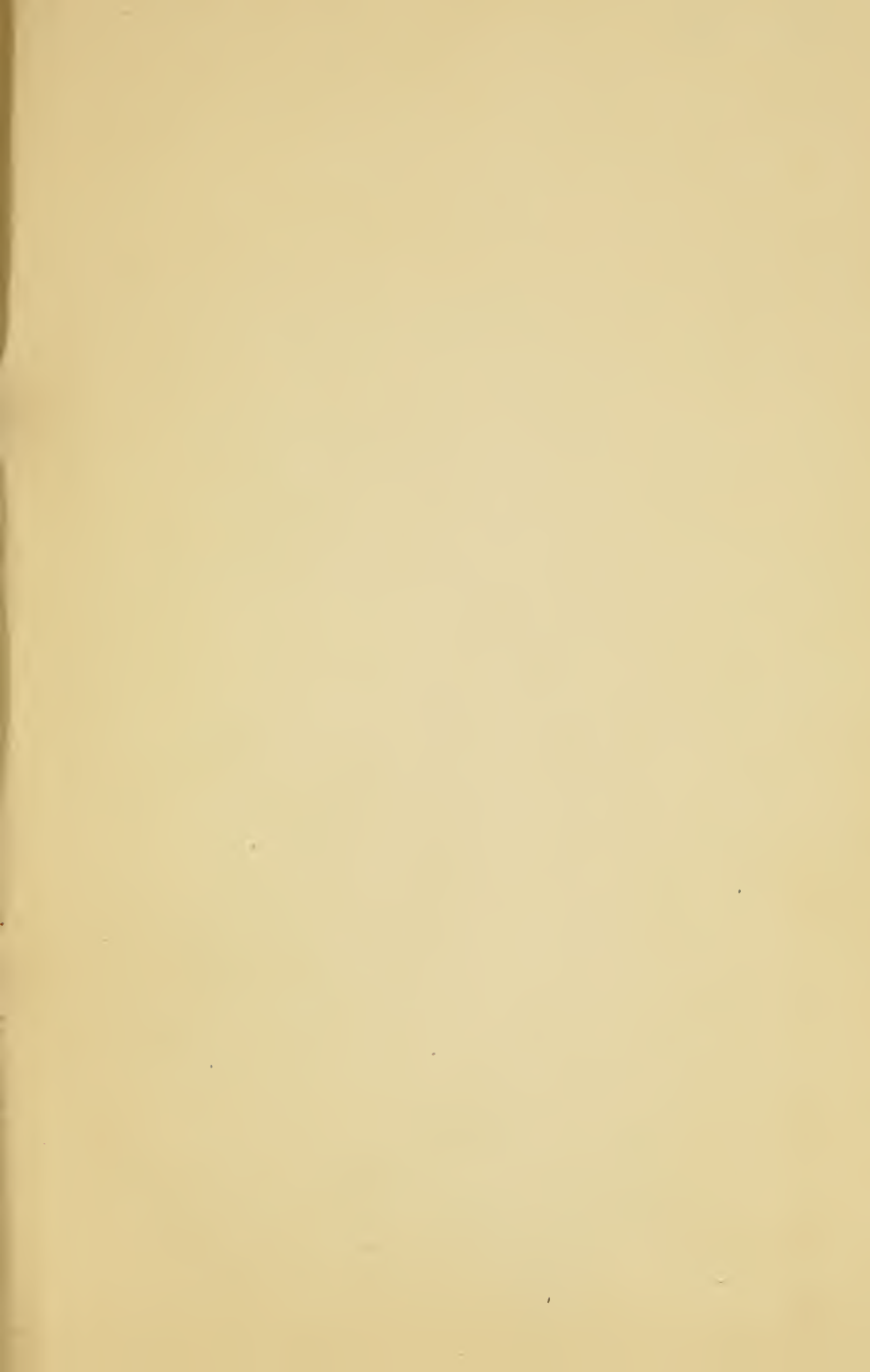
Last night

I sent my soul into the universe
Of earth and sea and sky to find the law
That underlies the cosmic sweep of worlds
And all their innerness. "Oh! tell me, soul,"

I said, "Why earth, this rocky mass that sprang
From chaos into symmetry, and bound
By the illimitable deep, sweeps on
To cosmic harmony in circles not
Seen but appointed, was breathed to life
By Word Omnipotent? And why those lights
That burn about it, but yet gravitate
In other circles, swung to melody,
All threading limited and certain paths
In the illimitable, boundless heavens?"

And soon my soul returned and answered, "Love
Is law of these." "But soul, if love is law
Of stars and suns, find now the law that made
And governs lesser things." And then my soul
Replied, "No flower nor fish nor bird nor beast
Nor man but lives by law of love, deep writ
In Mind Omniscient." "One thing more, O soul,
The law that governs suffering," and straight
My soul sped to the heights of Calvary
And sought the form of Pain Supreme, as hung
That trembling passion of eternal Love
In sensate shape, and felt far sharper than
Mere mortals feel the shafts that ran through nerve
And flesh, for here was strength of feeling keyed
To sentient power of God. My soul looked long
Into the yearning passion of the eyes,
As pinioned to the cross in lines of steel
And pillowed on the thorn-set crown, there hung

The Form Supreme, the living, dying God,
The image of Eternal Love outlined
In consummated, gathered force of pain
That man could bear not in this world alone
But rather that that in eternal woes
Of the abyss awaited him, and now
Expressed in concentrated agonies
Of hell, and taken into nerve and sense
Of God, suspended in the midday air
Of midnight gloom, no artist's dream of woe,
But living form of Love in sacrifice.
Say not that sight of Love has ne'er appeared,
But only concept in the poet's mind —
An outline framed by the sensitive soul;
For Love hath once appeared, yet in no lines
Of unimpassioned beauty, but the strong,
Impressioned, passionate outlines of life
In suffering. No need to tell thee now
The answer that my soul brought back to me,
No need to whisper now of law that weaves
Itself in fabric of thy pain, for woof
Of Christ's fierce agony is woof of thine —
The love that weaves to perfecting in web
Of suffering. Then falter not, but bear,
Beloved, bear on to the hidden end —
The end whose unapparence gives to faith
Its golden glow — nor pray the Father that
He send to thy side the angel of Ease,
But the angel of Strength.



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